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THE ECHOES OF
A TRAVELER'S DREAM

By REV. MYLES ANDREW JULIUS RHYNES
400 N. Patrick St., Alexandria, Va.

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The ... of
Daniel Murray,
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MARGARETTE L. RHYNES
THE POET'S MOTHER

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1914

By Rev. Myles Andrew Julius Rhynes

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MAY this little volume serve for good,
The humble message of the coming poet ;
Its marvelous charms and thrilling truth,
Graphic truth on magic cooth;

The offering of the poet's soul,
Practical facts, richer told ;
Searching the hearts, and trying the minds,
Triumph in this age of time.

Catch the muse, the art alone,
The words sweet, and the tone ;
The artistic finish of hearts delight,
'Tis the words the poet writes.

From the mountain to Atlantic,
Go to hut, cottage, and palace ;
Speak to rich and poor alike,
Carry the message to white and black.

On to the Red man and the Brown,
To every city and every town :
To all the races and the Yellow,
And to all kinds of fellows.

Cry aloud your message claim,
From every hill, and every plain ;
Awake the sleep, stir up the deep,
Sow the seed for nations to reap.

Preamble

THE pleasure that comes to us in presenting this work to the literary world is truly a great one. The impression that is made upon the mind, after having read these poems, affords a long chain of thought, and no doubt will make the reader feel that, truly the poet must have been deeply inspired by meditating the marvelous works of nature.

We conscientiously request you to read this work scrupulously, verse for verse, and when your mind is trained in the same channel of thought, as to coincide with the written views, you will at once recognize and appreciate the sublimity that these poems possess.

Your views should harmonize with those of the writer when the work is truthfully compiled; and it is through this harmony that the beauty of the poems is portrayed.

Rev. Myles J. Rhynes' many friends should feel proud of his production. The State of North Carolina may justly look upon this son with honor and applaud him to go, and go up, until he reaches the climax of the highest Goal.

R. H. JEFFERSON.

Alexandria, Va., August 5, 1914.

Dictionary

- Scribe—A writer.
Author—Creator.
Poet—Author of poems.
Octavo—A book.
Bard—A poet.
Stanza—A piece of poetry.
Sonnet—A poem of fourteen lines.
Ditty—A song-Poem.
Ballad—A song.
Idyl—A short pastoral poem.
Ode—A short poem.
Muse—Deity of poetry.
Acrostic—A poem.
Couplet—Division of a poem.
Cesura—A poetic rule.
Autograph—Original writing.
Cantata—A musical poem.
Canto—Division of poems.
Dithrambic—Poetical.
Eclogue—A pastoral poem.
Hagiography—Sacred writing.
Litany—A prayer.
Lyrical—Lyric, poetical.
Prosody—Rules of verse making.
Realism—Literary doctrine.
Rhyme—To versify.
Literature—Books.
Lecture—A reading.
Epic—A poem, a narrative.
Georgic—A rural poem.
Lexicology—Science of words.
Literary—Pertaining to letters.
Laureate—A great poet.
Poem—Metrical composition.
Poesy—Art of composing poems.
Poetical—Full of poesy.
Poetry—Poetical verse.

Part One—Barial

The Huet to His Race

SEE Myles like Rhynes stick
To the race in his place ;
See Rhynes like Myles long,
Running in line for his Race.

Play, boys, at my command,
Join me in the race push band ;
For you all I'll do what I can,
If you'll only stand to be a man.

Come boys, to the front we'll go,
Shoulder duty and right will flow,
With you I will forever row,
What will be our's I do not know.

However the case may be,
Just fall in line and follow me ;
On to the front I call today,
Onward, upward, shall be my plea.

I am yours very truly for the Race in Christ.—*Rhynes.*

Litany Deus

(A Prayer in Behalf of the Negro Race.)

ALL WISE and everlasting Thou art God,
Master and King of the Most High,
Father of our Lord, Jesus Christ,
Redeemer and Maker, come Thou nigh.

Join us all in one band of love,
Make us race-loving people as those above,
Fight and front every battle of life,
Lord Jesus, keep us from evil and strife.

Lord give us more patience and
Knowledge to understand Thy will;
Help us, Lord, in these trying hours,
In time of trouble guide us up hill.

Lead us through this pilgrim journey,
And in the pleasure of Thy favor
We beseech Thee, Lord Jesus,
Come, be Thou our Saviour.

Let angels encamp around us,
For our enemies are drawing nigh;
Give ear to our supplications, O, God!
We beseech Thee, O, Lord! come nigh.

In Thee we put our trust, O, Lord,
Though oppressed and despised,
We beseech Thee, O, Heavenly Father,
Lord come, come Thou nigh.

Come, Lord, bless us in these trying hours,
With Thy great knowledge and power,
Let Thy infinite love be multiplied
As a shield and refuge above the tide.

Thou Almighty God, may Thy truth and
Grace be forever claimed, and the
Benediction of Thy everlasting kindness
Keep us adore to praise Thy holy
And righteous name.

—Anon.

We Are Coming

THE Negro in this country
Has many ups and downs ;
"But it doesn't matter much," says he,
"We are working for the crown."

We are coming, we are coming,
In every way we can ;
We care little for obstacles,
They only make us men.

We are coming, we are coming,
In every walk of life ;
Rebutting competition,
And blotting out strife.

We are coming, we are coming,
On every hill and plain ;
Harder the cross, brighter the crown,
Through floods and flames we carve our name.

Heed

We are coming, we are coming,
Throughout this country land;
We are despised, but yet we rise,
By His omnipotent hand.

O, Race! Sail On!

SAIL on, Ethiopian race!
Sail on, O race of hate;
The Captain is waiting at the gate,
Who says, "Our future must be great."

O thou, with all our fears!
We must hope for future years;
Strike now while the iron is red,
Strike while the truth can be said.

He knows our fate, though we be late,
For 'tis He who has the keys to the stars;
And the stripes trust Him alone,
Then sail on, the darkest of nights.

He shaped the anchor of our hopes,
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis but a wave of the ship at dock,
Sail on, 'tis He who has the key to the lock.

In spite of envy and strife at hand,
Sail on, O, thou Ethiopian man!
Our prayers, our faith to the Father and Son,
Our hearts, our hopes shall be as one.
Sail on, O race against foes, now and to be,
'Tis only Lord, our trust, we triumph in Thee.

Our Future

OH, the record of historical facts,
Of ancient history, and Hammatic blacks!
Dazzling a glimpse of a day in sight,
Of Ethiopian future shining bright.

Persistently marching on to the front,
With the record that we must break;
If true to the task to the very last,
The history of a race we make.

The pride of a race long since told,
Of ancient stories that I behold;
The fate of a race with a future place,
And the streets all paved with gold.

Press with courage on to the front,
As a messenger of ancient scroll;
Of our future lined with jasper,
And the streets all paved with gold.

Ethiopia

ETHIOPIA, stretch forth thy hand!
Rise up! Be thou prince of man!
Loyal to the cause of this, your race,
In this world to hold your place.

Ethiopia, stretch forth thy hand!
Over the sea[^] and over the land;

Bring back the great sound of joy,
The noble working of the dark skin boy.

Ethiopia! stretch forth thy hand!
In the moral, social, and business land;
Chisel your title, carve your fame,
On jasper walls engrave your name.

Throughout the length and breadth of land,
O thou, Ethiopia! mount the stand!
Rush on in the race, push the band,
Make a record for the dark skin man.

Rise Ethiopian, find your place!
Be not dismayed, O thou Ethiopian!
Though through tears, floods and flames
We must fight on to press our claim.

Stand Up for Your Race

Stand up for your color, dear boys,
Fear not in the chase to be brave;
To all you profess that is right,
In the race you should struggle to save.

Stand up for your color, dear boys,
In all that you say or do;
From the cradle to the grave, dear boys,
You must learn to be brave and true.

Stand up for your color, dear boys,
No matter what the world may say;

Continue on in the race, dear boys,
That may promote you some day.

Stand up for your color, dear boys,
And let the world know you are pleased;
And to your race be honest, boys,
And with your color be at ease.

Stand up for your color, dear boys,
In the noble race of life;
Faint not in the chase, dear boys,
Amidst all evil and strife.

Stand up for your color, dear boys,
Wherever in the world you roam;
Oh! what men you'll make, dear boys,
If you will always honor your own.

The Age

THIS is the age, we must hustle on,
Up to duty, and out and gone;
March to the right, boys in black,
Color to the left, with your knapsack.

This is the age, we must hustle on,
To show our color like men;
Now is the time boys, on to the front,
Our work as a race begins.

On, boys, to the front for life,
Strive in the race to be men;

Hustle with duty, on with the right,
Battle on 'til the struggles end.

On, my boys, the time's at hand,
The age to hustle is here;
Like others we must mount the way,
And onward while time is dear.

Onward, boys, we must go to the front,
Whatever may be our opposers;
We must hustle on as noble men,
Like Douglas, Washington, and others.

This is the age, my friends in black,
Of the frontiers' ranks for men;
Now boys, let's hustle them on,
And surely we can hustle them in.

The Negro Poets

WE must find our way to proceed,
As Ethiopian poets in noble deed;
Proclaiming our ~~call~~, as just it is,
That we must rise from whence we ris.

In the world's record we must stamp our name,
Inscribing the future bard's coming fame;
Making our autograph canto muse sail,
Our future a mystery of revelations unveiled.

We must break the record of prosody,
The Poesy and poetry in poems;

Rise up in dithyrambic feet display,
That our realism shall not decay.

We wield our pen in laurel's blast,
Unfolding the future and a jot on the past;
Unrolling the scroll of a poetical task,
Holding the record of the world to the last,
As poets.

Back to Africa

BACK to Africa, time rolls on today,
Back to Africa, I hear a stranger say,
Back to Africa, ancient stories fly,
Back to Africa, brave Ethiopians cry.

Back to Africa, we black Americans row,
Back to Africa, our dear old native home,
Back to Africa, a country of our own,
Back to Africa, where we can blow the horn.

Back to Africa, a flag for our home,
Back to Africa, a Government of our own,
Back to Africa, we some day must roam,
Back to Africa, where we can blow the horn.

Back to Africa, we must cross the shore,
Back to Africa, is almost in our door,
Back to Africa, the time is rolling on,
Back to Africa, our dear old Country Home.

Back to Africa, our Country dear,
 Back to Africa, all ears must hear,
 Back to Africa, all horns must blow,
 Back to Africa, we Black Boys must go.

Back to Africa, all strains must play,
 Back to Africa, ancient musics all say,
 Back to Africa, all drums must beat,
 Back to Africa, for a Government seat.

Back to Africa, we must go hand in hand,
 Back to Africa, all men must stand,
 Back to Africa, must be our demand,
 Back to Africa, our dear old Country land.

Back to Africa, all faint hearts must beat,
 Back to Africa, we Negroes must retreat,
 Back to Africa, I hear it on the door rap,
 Back to Africa, all black hands must clap

Back to Africa, the birds all sing,
 Back to Africa, the bells all ring,
 Back to Africa, our feet must pad,
 Back to Africa, we will be glad.

"Back to Africa," says the little black baby tot,
 "Back to Africa, if you please sir, Pop,"
 Back to Africa, time will soon say,
 Back to Africa, we Negroes must pray.

Back to Africa, all echoes cry, \
 Back to Africa, yes, you and I, \
 Back to Africa, we must be sent,
 Back to Africa, or this nation must repent.

The First and Last Keynote

(On the Great Race Problem and When It Will Be Settled.)

WHEN grasshoppers walk like men,
 When roosters quit talking to hens,
 When bull frogs live on land,
 And the snakes all join the band.

When some folks quit telling lies,
 When cats quit stealing pies,
 When the speculator gets tired of his job,
 And the banks all quit being robbed.

When the elephants stop eating sheep,
 When the old hens stop hatching peeps,
 When beds all begin to walk,
 And horses all begin to talk.

When children all quit going to school,
 When wise folk all turn to fools,
 When the ground is not rooted by a mole,
 And the pigeon stops up his hole.

When monkeys all stop grinning,
 When sinners all stop sinning,
 When mules all stop kicking,
 And some folks stop their tricking.

When the birds all stop singing,
 When the church bells all quit ringing,
 When the dogs quit running rabbits,
 And some folks stop their bad habits.

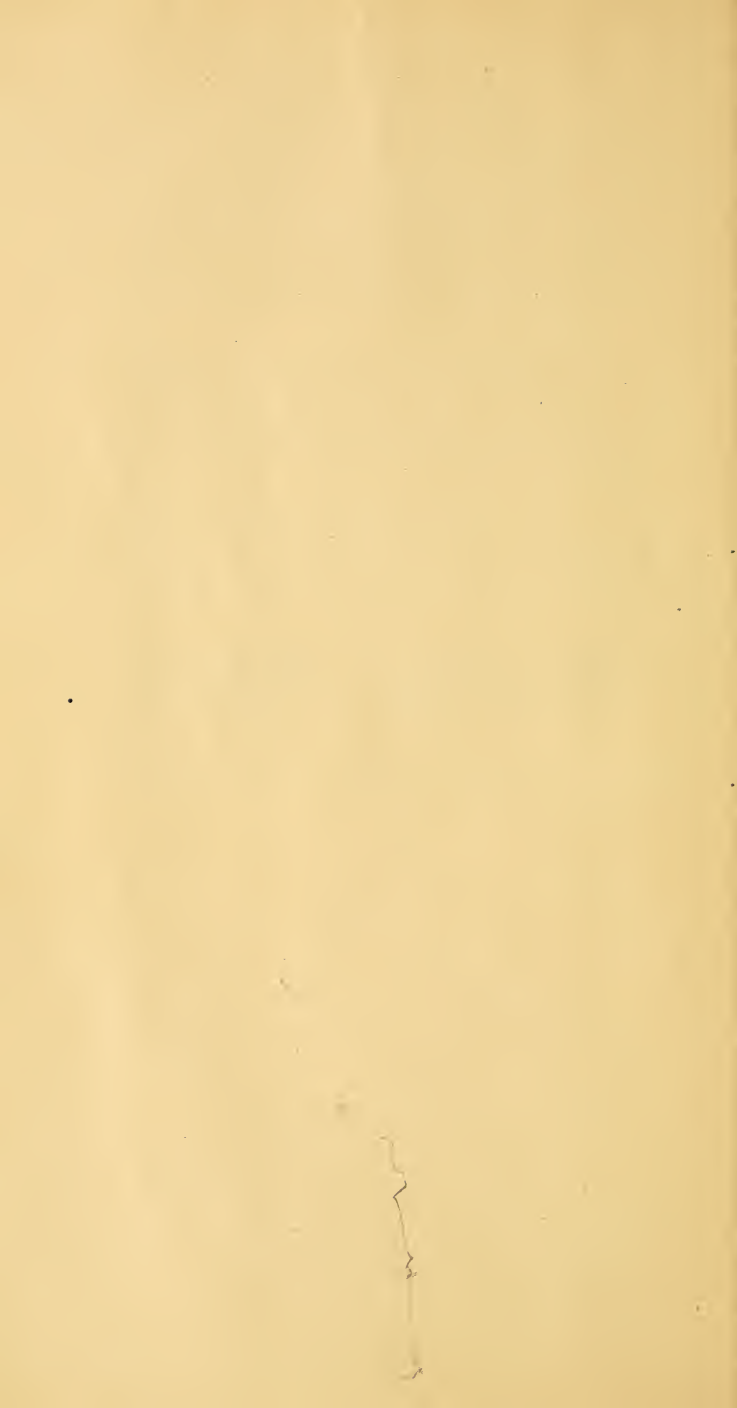
When possums quit eating simmons,
When sugar is found in lemons,
When the moon shines all day,
And the people their debts will pay.

When toads play ball with bats,
When the devil decides to wear hats,
When men go to wearing dresses,
And girls quit fussing about their bestest.

When monkeys grow on trees,
When everybody can do as they please,
When some folks haven't much to say,
And the devil learns how to pray.

When the sun has melted away,
And the stars have quit their play,
The world will tell the story,
We'll settle the question on that day.

Part Two—Dialect



Old Possum

POSSUM on dat table,
Baked so good and brown,
All de family as da come,
Took seats dar clos round.

Possum laying on a big flat dish,
On a big long table in soak,
In walked a big dish of gravy,
As de guests all turned for a joke.

Had dem 'tatoes all baked up,
And layed dar all around,
Dat old possum four legs up,
Layed dar good and brown.

Old possum with four legs up,
And yet still grinning on,
When all de family made way,
'Twas nothing left but possum bones.

Old Turkey Pride

OLD turkey, when he comes to town,
Still proud as proud can be,
And strutting about the yard to hear,
Most every word you say.

Old turkey as he truts about,
 Gets prouder every day,
 And when you see him strutting so,
 His debt he'll soon pay.

When he thinks he hears you say,
 His time will soon be here,
 The old fellow drops his pride,
 And seems to doubt and fear.

And as his days draw closer on,
 Old turkey begins to shy,
 It seems that the old fellow
 Thinks his time is drawing nigh.

And as he sees his time at hand,
 He'll stop his proud old bluff;
 For once he thinks the day has come,
 That he must now be stuffed.

'Taint no Use to Try

YOU talk about pleasing folks,
 Better talk about a chicken pie;
 You never can get dem all pleased,
 And 'taint no use to try.

You never can please all dese folks,
 You as well try to fly,
 It's de hardest job you eber had,
 And 'taint no use to try.

You try to please everybody,
 You better try to die;
 You can't please all dese folks,
 And 'taint no use to try.

Well, you got dat on your brain,
 You well try to hug de sky;
 You'll never please all dese folks,
 And 'taint no use to try.

You talk about pleasing folks,
 Round here looking shy;
 You'll never please all dese folks,
 And 'taint no use to try.

You try to please everybody,
 Day'll stick something in your eye;
 You crazy, thinking you pleasing everybody,
 'Taint no use to try.

You think you's sharp old duck,
~~But you can't tell why;~~
 I'm up wed you, old coon,
 Dat don't work, 'taint no use to try.

I Am Somewhat

A MAN

I HAVE no one to love me,
 Will you kindly lub me some?
 I'll be your only darling,
 If you'll be my only hon.

Now come here, honey, tell me,
 What am you gwinter do;
 I's got to do all dis lubbin,
 You's got to lub some too.

Shucks, you's knows dat I lub you,
 What makes you treat me so?
 Dat's all right, my honey,
 I's gwinter tell on you.

Now, what you gwinter tell me,
 When dese lines comes to hand?
 You's got to lub me some, honey,
 Don't, I's gwinter raise some sand.

About You

A LADY

LOVE you darling! Indeed I do!
 Crazy about you, I reckon so;
 Now what more can I do,
 Then to love my wooer true?

O, darling, how much I love you,
 Not a soul in the world can tell;
 For deep down in my heart, dear,
 I do certainly wish you well.

Now what you think, my little man,
 You're the sweetest thing I ever seen,
 You look like peaches all in cream,
 And dear, I love you just the same.

A little treat, a violet sweet,
 It's true, you are hard to beat;
 You caramel, and choco drop,
 Goodness, my, I'll never stop
 Loving you.

Some Folks

Some folks do the best they can,
 And some do the best they know;
 Some do as other folks say do,
 While others are doing for show.

Some will talk themselves full,
 They will tattle, and on you pull;
 Some one thing, and some another,
 Some try to keep you always bothered.

Some tell hot lies, some tell cold,
 Some tell big lies, some tell small;
 Some tell new lies and some tell old,
 Some tell easy lies and some tell bold,
 But they are all lies.

Some will tell a straight out lie,
 Just about the time you're passing by;
 Some up early and some up late,
 Some can't wait till you pass the gate,
 Telling lies.

Some just waiting and watching to see,
 Looking for you and watching for me;
 So dem tales and lies can start,
 Some I reckon must have a chart.
 Such big liars.

Some can't wait for the tale to be straight,
 Must hurry to tell it soon or late;
 Telling tales and lies on you,
 Friends, dem kind of folks won't do.

Tell dem lies in spite of all,
 Got de plomer on de wall;
 Tell dem easy, slick and greasy,
 Telling lies keep um busy.

Some can't work, think something will pass,
 Some will watch to the very last;
 Some will dar you a word to say.
 Case da got to lie a little every day.

'Taint no use in all dat stuff,
 Think you got de people bluffed;
 Telling lies on every hand,
 Folks all know you got de stand,
 Telling lies.

Looks like folks would learn some sense,
 And try to have some recompense;
 Looks like da would get tired,
 Telling lies, and trying to hide.

'Taint no fun in all dat stuff,
 Telling lies and keepum gwin;
 Devil git you sure es you're born.

At The Party Last November

LAST November, last November,
I think I saw a ashy ember,
Come a tinklin' down de timber,
And da said 'twas last November.

Last November, last November,
I know my heart did take a trimber,
Cas I looked and saw de ember,
Come a tinklin' down de timber.

'Twas last November I went away,
Told dem darkies I loud to stay,
You seed dem niggers looking for me,
Cas I said I's gwin to stay.

Well da said des gwin to play,
Punkin, Rabbit, and old time Monkey,
Well dem darkies had a time,
Looking for de moster Rhine.

I's not told dem when I come,
(Shucks) I's gwin to have some fun.

'Twas last November I went away,
And left dem darkies at de play,
Now what you reckon da gwina say,
When da see de phosto-fee.

I's been to de country land,
Wher dem darkies raissen sand,
And de white folks join de band,,
Let me tell you, Sally Ann.

Talk about your purty gals dat was dar,
 And dar war wor dem Flunk-de-spunkshy
 And dat long purty har,
 Well you des oughter been dar.

Well de table spread from head to foot,
 Everything was looking glad,
 Darkies right and left de sa'd,
 Eatin from dat table spred.

Folks did come and folks did go,
 And dem chicken bones did flow,
 Well dar had de scrumpious time,
 Cas da sa'd da had de Rhine.

Well, gess dem darkies looking yet,
 And gess I'd better go,
 Case dey come atter me de night,
 You'll see another show,
 (Case I's not gwinter go.)

Part Three — Haginograph

The Twentieth Century Call

THE harvest is great, the laborers are few,
Oh, for volunteers, brave and true;
Someone is sinking, rescue a soul,
Go bid them to come into the fold.

Forward into battle, hear the Master call,
Go ye into harvest, reap the souls of men;
Down right to duty, save a soul from sin,
Onward march to conquer, that everlasting end.

Stand by the pledge, Ye Saints of the cross,
Souls to be saved, or else to be lost;
Lift high the banner, count up the cost,
Stand by the pledge, Ye Saints of the cross,

Herald the message, run well the race,
Stand up for Jesus, every chance and place;
Lift high His truth in every vacant space,
Stand by the cross, ye valiant hearted saints.

Praise The Lord

PRAISE ye Him, all His angels,
Praise Him all His host;
Praise ye the Lord, praise
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Praise Him in His sanctuary,
 In the firmaments of His power;
 Praise ye the Lord in His sunshine.
 Praise Him in His showers.

Praise ye the Lord! Praise ye the Lord!
 From the heavens praise Him in the heights;
 Praise ye Him, sun and moon,
 Praise ye Him all ye stars of light.

Praise Him for His mighty acts,
 Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem, praise!
 Thy God, O Zion, praise Him all the time,
 Praise Him in heart strength and mind.

Praise Him with the sound of a trumpet,
 Praise Him in the earth, in all deeps;
 Praise Him with psaltery and harp,
 Praise ye Him thy soul doth keep.

Praise Him for His excellent greatness,
 Praise His name in the congregation of the saints.
 Praise ye the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul,
 Praise Him in all trials and complaints.

Praise ye the Lord, for it is good
 To sing praises unto our God;
 For His great and marvelous works,
 Praise Him, O Thou great, good Lord.

Praise the Lord, for He is good,
 Praise Him, O ye servants of the Lord;
 Praise ye the name of the Lord,
 Praise ye Him, O thou mighty God.

The Young Man

YOUNG man, today the Master calls
To you, harden not your heart ;
While He gladly knocks at the door,
And waits for you to make a start.

Young man, today is the accepted time,
And tomorrow may be too late ;
Will you rise now, accept the call,
While the Master kindly waits.

Young man, the invitation says come,
While in your health and strength ;
Let me beg you come, my friend,
With a chance now to repent.

Young man, don't trifle your time away,
While the blood runs warm in your veins ;
As the great question comes today,
Where will you spend eternity.

Young man, tomorrow is not promised you,
And will you stop, will you turn today ;
While mercy is pleading your cause,
As to where you will spend eternity.

Young man, your days are numbered,
And you have no time for delay ;
Your soul's welfare rises now.
Where will you spend eternity ?

Young man, stop, check up your reins,
While hope is still in sight ;
What if Christ should call today,
Where would your soul take flight ?

What If Christ Should Come Today

WE are pilgrims of this earthly soil,
And we are traveling on our way ;
Then let us think while traveling here,
What if Christ should come today ?

We are soldiers on the battle field,
And we have no time to play ;
Time is rushing on the souls of men,
And what if Christ should come today ?

We are enlisted in this great army,
With our names on roll we say ;
The harvest is great, the laborers are few,
And what if Christ should come today ?

We should always be on our watch,
As well as on our knees to pray ;
Ready and willing to help the cause,
For what if Christ should come today ?

We must press onward, upward go,
To conquer for right and battle the foe ;
The mark of a higher calling sway,
For what if Christ should come today ?

We must our hearts and hands unite,
And other things aside must lay ;
And be about our Father's business,
For what if Christ should come today ?

We cannot stop through floods and flames,
While our bodies are yet but clay ;
But while we've started on life's journey,
Suppose the Christ should come today ?
Would you be ready ?

Now or Never

WHATSOEVER thy hands find to do,
Do it with thy might ;
For there is no knowledge in the grave,
Nor wisdom, nor device.

Whatsoever thy hands find to do,
Do it now or never ;
When you are done on earth,
You've done your work forever.

Whatsoever work is assigned thee,
In this transitory life ;
Do it speedily, without delay,
For the grave has no work nor device.

The work of this life cannot be done,
When this life is ended ;
For there is no work in the grave,
To which man is intended.

Therefore while we have time,
 We must be up to do our best;
 Do the work of this present life,
 With vigor and diligence.

When once the thread of life is cut,
 Your opportunities are at an end;
 Do your duty now or never,
 For you'll never live this life again.

It is now that you must sow,
 And hereafter you shall reap;
 It's today that you should work,
 And be up and doing to meet your fate.

Then be up and doing with all your might,
 For there's no time for delay;
 Night is rushing on the souls of men,
 And their bodies returning back to clay.

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